OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH."..... SHAKSPEARE.

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THE REFLECTOR.

FROM THE NEW-YORK COURIER.

EARLY DEATH.

Wandering a few days since in a village near the city, we by accident entered a grave-yard that was situated on the outskirts. The situation was romantic; and every thing around seemed to partake of the silence of those, who sleep within its narrow bounds. None could view with indifference such a place as this; and though the impression there received might be evanescent and transient, yet while meditating among the ruins that death had made, a feeling of our helplessness and dependence could not but find a way to the most insensible heart. Here were gathered in one small congregation, the vigor of youth and the feebleness of years—the bold blasphemer—and the humble and devout worshipper.

There was one humble stone, that we could not but notice, because we had known something of the character of her whom it was raised to commemorate. When we approached it, he feelings of other years came over us, and we almost fancied we stood again among the scenes of our youth,—it was a small white stone, unadorned and simple. But there was one thing that struck me forcibly, though years have rolled by, since this frail memorial was erected to designate the grave—and that was, the early age of *nineteen* inscribed upon it. The feelings are more solemn when bending over the grave of the young, than when standing by those of the aged. One has out lived his usefulness and hope—the other has but just began the journey, when every thing around him is smiling and joyous. So it was with her who was mouldering at our feet. The morning was bright and promising. The future seemed decked with flowers, which time only could wither and destroy. But the visions that fancy had so fondly reared, were soon destroyed—they were less stable than the mists of the morning—less to be depended on. The bow was bent, that was to wing the arrow; and though thus early to be the victim, she was prepared, to pass through the dark valley, by the best of all preparations—a pious life. We could not stand by such a grave unmoved—we had known something in early life of her goodness—and even now, can remember her, when health and joy were her attendants. But those scenes have passed away. The bridal torch was scarcely lighted, before the damps of death extinguished it, and the songs of joy were followed too quickly by the sighs of mourning.

We lingered around this grave, for her husband was our friend, and could not but feel how uncertain human happiness is and how often the dreams of fancy will cheat and delude us. When basking in the sunshine of prosperity we cannot even discern a cloud in the horizon; we must hear the rattling of the thunder, or we do not fear the storm.

We returned home as the sun was sinking in the west, musing on the early grave of the wife and child of our friend. The subject was a melancholy one; but yet it was a pleasure to retrace the steps of youth, and gather, if it could be done, some instruction from the vicissitudes of that period.

THE REPOSITORY.

LEIXLIP CASTLE,

AN IRISH FAMILY LEGEND.

BY THE REVEREND R. C. MATURIN.

The incidents of the following Tale are not merely *founded* on fact, they are facts themselves, which occurred at no very distant period in my own family. The marriage of the parties, their sudden and mysterious separation, and their total alienation from each other until the last period of their mortal existence, are all *facts*. I cannot vouch for the truth of the supernatural solution given to all these mysteries; but I must still consider the story as a fine specimen of Gothic horrors, and can never forget the impression it made on me when I heard it related for the first time among the many other thrilling traditions of the same description.

The tranquillity of the Catholics of Ireland during the disturbed periods of 1715 and 1745, was most commendable, and somewhat extraordinary; to enter into an analysis of their probable motives, is not at all the object of the writer of this Tale, as it is pleasanter to state the fact to their honor, than at this distance of time to assign dubious and unsatisfactory reasons for it. Many of them, however, showed a kind of secret disgust at the existing state of affairs, by quitting their family residences and wandering about like persons who were uncertain of their homes, or possibly expecting better from some near and fortunate contingency.

Among the rest was a Jacobite Baronet, who, sick of his uncongenial situation in a Whig neighborhood, in the north—where he heard of nothing but the heroic defence of Londonderry; the barbarities of the French generals; and the resistless exhortations of the godly Mr. Walker, a Presbyterian clergyman, to whom the citizens gave the title of 'Evangelist;'—quitted his paternal residence, and about the year 1720 hired the Castle of Leixlip for three years, (it was then the property of the Conollys, who let it to triennial tenants;) and removed thither with his family, which consisted of three daughters—their mother having long been dead.

The Castle of Leixlip, at that period, possessed a character of romantic beauty and feudal grandeur, such as few buildings in Ireland can claim, and which is now, alas, totally effaced by the destruction of its noble woods; on the destroyers of which the writer would wish "a minstrel's malison were said." Leixlip, though about seven miles only from Dublin, has all the sequestered and picteresque character that imagination could ascribe to a landscape a hundred miles from, not only the metropolis, but an inhabited town. After driving a dull mile (an *Irish* mile) in passing from Lucan to Leixlip, the road,—hedged up on one side by the high wall that bounds the demesne of the Vesseys, and on the other by low enclosures, over whose rugged tops you have no view at all,—at once opens on Leixlip Bridge, at almost a right angle, and displays a luxury of landscape on which the eye that has seen it even in childhood dwells with delighted recollection. Leixlip Bridge, a rude but solid structure, projects from a high bank of the Liffey, and slopes rapidly to the opposite side, which there lies remarkably low. To the right, the plantations of the Vessey's demesne—no longer obscured by walls—almost mingle their dark woods in its stream, with the opposite ones of Marshfield and St. Catherine's. The river is scarcely visible, overshadowed as it is by the deep, rich and bending foliage of the trees. To the left it bursts out in all the brilliancy of light, washes the garden steps of the houses of Leixlip, wanders round the low walls of its church-yard, plays with the pleasure-boat moored under the arches on which the summer-house of the Castle is raised, and then loses itself among the rich woods that once skirted those grounds to its very brink. The contrast on the other side, with the luxuriant vegetation, the lighter and more diversified arrangement of terraced walks, scattered shrubberies, temples seated on pinnacles, and thickets that conceal from you the sight of the river until you are on its banks, that mark the character of the grounds which are now the property of Colonel Marley, is peculiarly striking.

Visible above the highest roofs of the town, though a quarter of a mile distant from them, are the ruins of Confy Castle, a right good old predatory tower of the stirring times when blood was shed like water; and as you pass the Bridge you catch a glimpse of the waterfall, (or salmon-leap as it is called,) on whose noon-day lustre, or moon-light beauty, probably the rough livers of that age when Confy Castle was 'a tower of strength,' never glanced an eye or cast a thought, as they clattered their harness over Leixlip Bridge, or waded through the stream before that convenience was in existence.

Whether the solitude in which he lived contributed to tranquilize Sir Redmond Blaney's feelings, or whether they had begun to rust from want of collision with those of others, it is impossible to say, but certain it is, that the good Baronet began gradually to lose his tenacity in political matters; and except when a Jacobite friend came to dine with him, and drink with many a significant 'nod and beck and smile,' the king over the water;—or the parish-priest (good man) spoke of the hope of better times, and the final success of the *right* cause and the old religion;—or a Jacobite servant was heard in the solitude of the large mansion whistling 'Charley is my darling,' to which Sir Redmund involuntarily responded in a deep base voice, somewhat the worse for wear, and marked with more emphasis than good discretion;—except, as I have said, on such occasions, the Baronet's politics like his life, seemed passing away without any notice or effort. Domestic calamities, too, pressed sorely on the old gentleman—of his three daughters, the youngest, Jane, had disappeared in so extraordinary a manner in her childhood, that though it is but a wild, remote family tradition, I cannot help relating it:—

The girl was of uncommon beauty and intelligence, and was suffered to wander about the Castle with the daughter of a servant, who was also called Jane, as a *nom de caresse*. One evening Jane Blaney and her companion went far and deep into the woods; their absence created no uneasiness at the time, as these excursions were by no means unusual, till her playfellow returned home alone and weeping, at a very late hour. Her account was, that, in passing through a lane at some distance from the Castle, an old woman, in the *Fingallian* dress, (a red petticoat and a long green jacket,) suddenly started out of a thicket and took Jane Blaney by the arm: she had in her hand two rushes, one of which she threw over her shoulder, and giving the other to the child, motioned her to do the same. Her young companion, terrified at what she saw, was running away, when Jane Blaney called after her—'Good bye, good bye, it is a long time before you will see me again' The girl said they then disappeared, and she found her way home as she could. An indefatigable search was immediately commenced—woods were traversed, thickets were explored, ponds were drained—all in vain. The pursuit and the hope were at length given up. Ten years afterwards, the housekeeper of Sir Redmond, having remembered that she left the key of the closet where sweetmeats were kept on the kitchen table, returned to fetch it. As she approached the door, she heard a childish voice murmuring—'Cold—cold—cold—how long it is since I have felt the fire!'—She advanced, and saw to her amazement, Jane Blaney, shrunk to half her usual size, and covered with rags, crouching over the embers of the fire. The housekeeper flew in terror from the spot, and roused the servants, but the vision had fled. The child was reported to have been seen several times afterwards, as diminutive in form, as though she had not grown an inch since she was ten years of age, and always crouching over a fire, whether in the turret-room or kitchen, complaining of cold and hunger, and apparently covered with rags. Her existence is still said to be protracted under these dismal circumstances, so unlike those of Lucy Gray in Wordsworth's beautiful ballad:

Yet some will say, that to this day
She is a living child—
That they have met sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonely wild;
O'er rough and smooth, she trips along
And never looks behind;
And hums a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

The fate of the eldest daughter was more melancholy, though less extraordinary; she was addressed by a gentleman of competent fortune and unexceptionable character; he was a Catholic, moreover; and Sir Richard Blaney signed the marriage articles, in full satisfaction of the security of his daughter's soul, as well as of her jointure. The marriage was celebrated at the Castle of Leixlip; and after the bride and bridegroom had retired, the guests still remained drinking to their future happiness, when suddenly to the great alarm of Sir Redmond and his friends, loud and piercing cries were heard to issue from the part of the Castle in which the bridal chamber was situated.

Some of the more courageous hurried up stairs; it was too late—the wretched bridegroom had burst, on that fatal night, into a sudden and most horrible paroxysm of insanity. The mangled form of the unfortunate and expiring lady bore attestation to the mortal virulence with which the disease had operated on the wretched husband, who died a victim to it himself after the involuntary murder of his bride. The bodies were interred as soon as decency would permit, and the story hushed up.

Sir Redmond's hopes of Jane's recovery were diminishing every day, though he still continued to listen to every wild tale told by the domestics; and all his care was supposed to be now directed towards his only surviving daughter. Anne living in solitude, and partaking only of the very limited education of Irish females of that period, was left very much to the servants, among whom she increased her taste for superstitious and supernatural horrors, to a degree that had a most disastrous effect on her future life.

Among the numerous menials of the Castle, there was one 'withered crone,' who had been nurse to the late Lady Blaney's mother, and whose memory was a complete *Thesaurus terrorum*. The mysterious fate of Jane first encouraged her sister to listen to the wild tales of this hag, who avouched, that one time she saw the fugitive standing before the portrait of her late mother in one of the apartments of the Castle, and muttering to herself—'Wo's me, wo's me! how little my mother thought her wee Jane would ever come to what she is!' But as Anne grew older she began more "seriously to incline" to the hag's promises that she could show her her future bridegroom; on the performance of certain ceremonies, which she at first revolted at as horrible and impious; but, finally, at the repeated instigation of the old woman, consented to act a part in. The period fixed upon for the performance of these unhallowed rites, was now approaching;—it was near the 31st of October,—the eventful night, when such ceremonies were, and still are supposed, in the North of Ireland, to be the most potent in their effects. All day long the Crone took care to lower the mind of the young lady to the proper key of submissive and trembling credulity, by every horrible story she could relate; and she told them with frightful and supernatural energy. This woman was called *Collogue* by the family, a name equivalent to Gossip, in England, or Cummer, in Scotland, (though her real name was Bridget Dease;) and she verified the name, by the exercise of an unwearied loquacity, an indefatigable memory, and a rage for communicating and inflicting terror, that spared no victim in the household, from the groom, whom she sent shivering to his rug, to the Lady of the Castle, over whom she felt she had unbounded sway.

The 31st October arrived, the Castle was perfectly quiet before 11 o'clock; half an hour afterwards, the Collogue and Anne Blaney were seen gliding along a passage that led to what is called King John's Tower, where it is said that monarch received the homage of the Irish Princes as Lord of Ireland, and which, at all events, is the most ancient part of the structure. The Collogue opened a small door with a key which she had secreted about her, and urged the young lady to hurry on. Anne advanced to the postern, and stood there irresolute and trembling like a timed swimmer on the bank of an unknown stream. It was a dark autumnal evening; a heavy wind sighed among the woods of the Castle, and bowed the branches of the lower trees, almost to the waves of the Liffey, which, swelled by recent rains, struggled and roared amid the stones that obstructed its channel. The steep descent from the Castle lay before her, with its dark avenue of elms; a few lights still burned in the village of Leixlip—but from the lateness of the hour it was probable they would soon be extinguished.

The lady lingered—'And must I go alone?' said she, foreseeing that the terrors of her fearful journey could be aggravated by her more fearful purpose.

'Ye must or all will be spoiled,' said the hag, shading the miserable light, that did not extend its influence above six inches on the path of the victim. 'Ye must go alone—and I will watch for you here, dear, till you come back, and then see what will come to you at 12 o'clock.'

The unfortunate girl paused. 'Oh! Collogue, Collogue! if you would but come with me. Oh! Collogue, come with me, if it be but to the bottom of the Castle-hill.'

'If I went with you, dear, we should never reach the top of it alive again, for there is them near that would tear us both to pieces.'

'Oh! Collogue, Collogue! let me turn back then, and go to my own room—I have advanced too far, and I have done too much.'

'And that's what you have, dear, and so you must go further, and do more still, unless, when you return to your own room, you would see the likeness of *some one* instead of a handsome young bridegroom.'

The young lady looked about her for a moment, terror and wild hope trembling at her heart;—then with a sudden impulse of supernatural courage, she darted like a bird from the terrace of the Castle, the fluttering of her white garments was seen for a few moments, and then the hag who had been shading the flickering light with her hands, bolted the postern, and placing the candle before a glazed loophole, sat down on a stone seat in a recess of the tower, to watch the event of the spell. It was an hour before the young lady returned; when her face was as pale, and her eyes as fixed as those of a dead body, but she held in her grasp a *dripping garment*, a proof that her errand had been performed. She flung it into her companion's hands, and then stood panting and gazing wildly about her as if she knew not where she was. The hag herself grew terrified at the insane and breathless state of her victim, and hurried her to her chamber; but here the preparations for the terrible ceremonies of the night were the first objects that struck her, and shivering at the sight, she covered her face with her hands, and stood immoveably fixed in the middle of the room.

It needed all the hag's persuasion, (aided even by mysterious menaces,) combined with the returning faculties and reviving curiosity of the poor girl, to prevail on her to go through the remaining business of the night. At length she said, as if in desperation, 'I *will* go through with it: but be in the next room; and if what I dread shall happen, I will ring my father's little silver bell which I have secured for the night, and as you have a soul to be saved, Collogue, come to me at its very first sound.'

The hag promised, gave her her last instructions with eager and jealous minuteness, and then retired to her own room, which was adjacent to that of the young lady. Her candle had burned out, but she stirred up the embers of her turf fire, and sat nodding over them, and smoothing her pallet from time to time, but resolved not to lie down while there was a chance of a sound from the lady's room, for which she herself, withered as her feelings were, waited with a mingled feeling of anxiety and terror.

It was now long past midnight, and all was silent as the grave throughout the Castle. The hag dozed over the embers till her head touched her knees, then started up as the sound of the bell seemed to tinkle in her ears, then dozed again, and again started as the bell appeared to tinkle more distinctly;—suddenly she was roused, not by the bell, but by the most piercing and horrible cries from the neighboring chamber. The Crone, aghast for the mischief she might have occasioned, hastened to the room. Anne was in convulsions, and the hag was compelled reluctantly to call up the housekeeper, (removing meanwhile the implements of the ceremony,) and assist in applying all the specifics known at that day, burnt feathers, &c. to restore her. When they had at length succeeded, the housekeeper was dismissed, the door was bolted, and the Collogue was left alone with Anne; the subject of their conference might have been guessed at, but was not known until many years afterwards; but Anne that night held in her hand, in the shape of a weapon with the use of which neither of them was acquainted, an evidence that her chamber had been visited by a being of no earthly form.

This evidence the hag importuned her to destroy or remove, but she persisted with fatal tenacity in keeping it. She locked it up, however, immediately, and seemed to think she had acquired a right, since she had grappled so fearfully with the mysteries of futurity, to know all the secrets of which that weapon might yet lead to the disclosure. But from that night it was observed that her character, her manner, and even her countenance became altered. She grew stern and solitary, shrunk at the sight of her former associates, and imperatively forbade the slightest allusion to the circumstance which had occasioned this mysterious change.

It was a few days subsequent to this event, that Anne, who after dinner had left the Chaplain reading the life of Sir Francis Xavier to Sir Redmond, and returned to her own room to work, and, perhaps to muse, was surprised to hear the bell at the outer gate ring loudly and repeatedly—a sound she had never heard since her first residence in the Castle; for the few guests who resorted there, came and departed as noislessly as humble visiters at the house of a great man generally do. Straightway there rode up the avenue of elms, which we have already mentioned, a stately gentleman, followed by four servants, all mounted, the two former having pistols in their holsters, and the two latter carrying saddle-bags before them: though it was the first week in November, the dinner hour being one o'clock, Anne had light enough to notice all these circumstances. The arrival of the stranger seemed to cause much, though not unwelcome tumult in the Castle; orders were loudly and hastily given for the accommodation of the servants and the horses;—steps were heard traversing the numerous passages for a full hour—then all was still; and it was said that Sir Redmond had locked up with his own hand, the door of the room where he and the stranger sat, and desired that no one should dare to approach it. About two hours afterwards, a servant came with orders from her master, to have a plentiful supper ready by eight o'clock, at which he desired the presence of his daughter. The family establishment was on a handsome scale for an Irish house, and Anne had only to descend to the kitchen to order the roasted chickens to be well strewed with brown sugar, according to the unrefined fashion of the day, to inspect the mixing of the bowl of sago with its allowance of a bottle of port wine, and a large handful of the richest spices, and to order particularly that the pease pudding should have a large lump of cold, salt butter stuck in its centre; and then, her household cares being over, to retire to her room and array herself in a robe of white damask for the occasion. At eight o'clock she was summoned to the supper room. She came in according to the fashion of the times, with the first dish; but as she passed through the anti-room, where the servants were holding lights, and bearing the dishes, her sleeve was twitched, and the ghastly face of the Collogue pushed close to hers; while she muttered 'Did not I say *he would come for you*, dear?' Anne's blood run cold, but she advanced, saluted her father and the stranger, with two low and distinct reverences, and then took her place at the table. Her feelings of awe, and perhaps terror at the whisper of her associate, were not diminished by the appearance of the stranger; there was a singular and mute solemnity in his manner during the meal. He eat nothing. Sir Redmond appeared constrained gloomy and thoughtful. At length, starting, he said, (without mentioning the stranger's name,) 'You will drink my daughter's health.' The stranger intimated his willingness to have that honor, but absently filled his glass with water; Anne put a few drops of wine into hers, and bowed towards him. At that moment, for the first time since they had met, she beheld his face—it was pale as that of a corpse. The deadly whiteness of his cheeks and lips, the hollow and distant sound of his voice, and the strange lustre of his large, dark, moveless eyes, strongly fixed upon her, made her pause and even tremble as she raised the glass to her lips, she set it down, and then with another silent reverence retired to her chamber.

There she found Bridget Dease, busy in collecting the turf that burned on the hearth, for there was no grate in the apartment. 'Why are you here?' she said, impatiently.

The hag turned on her, with a ghastly grin of congratulation, 'Did not I tell you that *he* would come for you?'

'I believe he has,' said the unfortunate girl, sinking into the huge wicker chair by her bedside; 'for never did I see mortal with such a look.'

'But is not he a fine stately gentleman?' continued the hag.

'He looks as if he were not of this world,' said Anne.

'Of this world, or of the next,' said the hag, raising her bony forefinger, 'mark my words,—so sure as the—(here she repeated some of the horrible formalities of the 31st of October)—so sure he will be your bridgroom.'

'Then I shall be the bride of a corpse,' said Anne, 'for he I saw to-night is no living man.'

A fortnight elapsed, and whether Anne became reconciled to the features she had thought so gastly, by the discovery that they were the handsomest she had ever beheld—and that the voice, whose sound at first was so strange and unearthly, was subdued into a tone of plaintive softness when addressing her, or whether it is impossible for two young persons with unoccupied hearts to meet in the country, and meet often, to gaze silently on the same streams, wander under the same trees, and listen together to the wind that waves the branches, without experiencing an assimilation of feeling rapidly succeeding an assimilation of taste; or whether it was from all these causes combined; but in less than a month, Anne heard the declaration of the stranger's passion with many a blush, though without a sigh. He now avowed his name and rank. He stated himself to be a Scotch Baronet, of the name of Sir Richard Maxwell; family misfortunes had driven him from his country, and forever precluded the possibility of his return; he had transferred his property to Ireland, and proposed to fix his residence there for life. Such was the statement. The courtship of those days was brief and am-

ple. Anne became the wife of Sir Richard, and, I believe, they resided with her father till his death, when they removed to his estate in the north. There they remained for several years, in tranquillity and happiness, and had a numerous family. Sir Richard's conduct was marked by but two peculiarities: he not only shunned the intercourse, but the sight of any of his countrymen, and if he happened to hear that a Scotsman had arrived in the neighboring town, he shut himself up till assured of the stranger's departure. The other was his custom of retiring to his own chamber, and remaining invisible to his family on the anniversary of the 20th of October. The lady, who had her own associations connected with that period only questioned him once on the subject of his seclusion, and was then solemnly, and even sternly enjoined never to repeat her inquiry. Matters stood thus, somewhat mysteriously, but not unhappily, when on a sudden, without any cause assigned or assignable, Sir Richard and Lady Maxwell parted, and never more met in this world, nor was she ever permitted to see one of her children to her dying hour. He continued to live at the family mansion, and she fixed her residence with a distant relative, in a remote part of the country. So total was the disunion, that the name of either was never heard to pass the other's lips, from the moment of separation until that of dissolution.

Lady Maxwell survived Sir Richard forty years, living to the great age of 96; and, according to a promise, previously given, disclosed to a descendant with whom she had lived, the following extraordinary circumstances:

She said that on the night of the 31st of October, about seventy-five years before, at the instigation of her ill-advising attendant, she had washed one of her garments in a place where four streams met, and performed other unhallowed ceremonies under the direction of the Collogue, in the expectation that her future husband would appear to her in her chamber at twelve o'clock that night. The critical moment arrived, but with it no lover-like form. A vision of indescribable horror approached her bed, and flinging at her an iron weapon of a shape and construction unknown to her, bade her "recognize her future husband by *that*." The terrors of this visit soon deprived her of her senses; but on her recovery, she persisted, as has been said, in keeping the fearful pledge of the reality of the vision, which on examination, appeared to be incrusted with blood. It remained concealed in the inmost drawer of her cabinet till the morning of her separation. On that morning, Sir Richard Maxwell rose before day light to join in a hunting party,—he wanted a knife for some accidental purpose, and missing his own, called to Lady Maxwell, who was still in bed, to lend him one. The lady, who was half asleep, answered that in such a drawer of her cabinet he would find one. He went, however, to another, and the next moment she was fully awakened by seeing her husband present the fatal weapon to her throat, and threaten her with instant death unless she disclosed how she came by it. She supplicated for life, and then, in an agony of horror and contrition, told the tale of that eventful night. He gazed for a moment with a countenance which, rage, hatred and despair converted, as she avowed, into a likeness of the demon-visage she had once beheld, (so singularly was the fatal resemblance fulfilled,) and then exclaiming, "you won me by the devil's aid, but you shall not keep me long," left her —to meet no more in this world. Her husband's secret was not unknown to the lady, though the means by which she became possessed of it were wholly unwarrantable. Her curiosity had been strongly excited by her husband's aversion to his countrymen, and it was so stimulated by the arrival of a Scottish gentleman in the neighborhood some time before, who professed himself formerly acquainted with Sir Richard, and spoke mysteriously of the causes that drove him from his country—that she contrived to procure an interview with him under a feigned name, and obtained from him the knowledge of circumstances which embittered her after-life to its latest hour. His story was this:—

Sir Richard Maxwell was at deadly feud with a younger brother; a family feast was proposed to reconcile them, and as the use of knives and forks was then unknown in the Highlands, the company met armed with their dirks for the purpose of carving. They drank deeply; the feast, instead of harmonizing, began to inflame their spirits; the topics of old strife were renewed; hands, that at first touched their weapons in defiance, drew them at last in fury, and Sir Richard mortally wounded his brother. His life was with difficulty saved from the vengeance of the clan, and he was hurried towards the sea-coast, near which the house stood, and concealed there till a vessel could be procured to convey him to Ireland. He embarked *on the night of the 30th of October*, and while he was traversing the deck in unutterable agony of spirit, his hand accidentally touched the dirk which he had unconsciously worn ever since the fatal night. He drew it, and praying "that the guilt of his brother's blood might be as far from his soul, as he could fling that weapon from his body," sent it with all his strength into the air. This instrument he found secreted in the lady's cabinet, and whether he really believed her to have become possessed of it by supernatural means, or whether he feared his wife was a secret witness of his crime, has not been ascertained, but the result was what I have stated.

The separation took place on the discovery;—for the rest,

I know not how the truth may be,
I tell the Tale as 'twas told to me.

PROCLAMATION TO THE JEWS.

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God, to manifest to his chosen people the approach of that period when, in fulfilment of the promises made to the race of Jacob, and as a reward for their pious constancy and triumphant fidelity, they are to be gathered from the four quarters of the globe, and to resume their rank and character among the governments of the earth. And whereas, the peace which now prevails among civilized nations, the progress of learning throughout the world, and the general spirit of liberality and toleration which exists, together with other changes, favorable to light and to liberty, mark in an especial manner the approach of that time when "peace on earth and good will to man" are to prevail with a benign and extended influence, and the ancient people of God, the first to proclaim his unity and omnipotence, are to be restored to their inheritance, and enjoy the rights of a sovereign, independent people. Therefore, I, MORDECAI MANUEL NOAH, Citizen of the United States of America, late Consul of the said States for the city and kingdom of Tunis, High Sheriff of New York, Counsellor at Law, and by the grace of God, Governor and Judge of Israel, have issued this my proclamation:

Announcing to the Jews throughout the world that an asylum is prepared and hereby offered to them, where they can enjoy that peace, comfort and happiness, which has been denied them through the intolerance and misgovernment of former ages; an asylum in a free and powerful country, where ample protection is secured to their persons, their property, and religious rights; an asylum in a country remarkable for its vast resources, the richness of its soil, the salubrity of its climate; where industry is encouraged, education promoted, and good faith rewarded; "a land of milk and honey," where Israel may repose in peace, under his "vine and fig tree," and where our people may so familiarize themselves with the science of government, and the lights of learning and civilization, as may qualify them for that great and final restoration to their ancient heritage, which the times so powerfully indicate.

The asylum referred to, is in the State of New-York, the greatest State in the American confederacy. New-York contains 43,214 square miles, divided into fifty-five counties, and having six hundred and eighty-seven post towns and cities, containing one million five hundred thousand inhabitants, together with six million acres of land, improvements in agriculture and manufactures, in trade and commerce, which include a valuation of three hundred millions of dollars of taxable property. One hundred and fifty thousand militia, armed and equipped, a constitution founded upon an equality of rights; having no test oaths, and recognizing no religious distinctions, and seven thousand free schools and colleges, affording the blessings of education to four hundred thousand children of every religious denomination.—Such is the great and increasing State which the emigration of the Jews is directed.

The desired spot in the State of New-York, to which I hereby invite my beloved people throughout the world, in common, with those of every religious denomination, is called GRAND ISLAND, and on which I shall lay the foundation of a City of Refuge, to be called ARARAT.

Grand Island in the Niagara river, is bounded by Ontario on the north and Erie on the south, and within a few miles of each of those great commercial lakes. The island is nearly twelve miles in length and varying from three to seven miles in breadth, and contains upwards of seventeen thousand acres of remarkably rich and fertile land. Lake Erie is about two hundred and seventy miles in length, and borders on the State of New-York, Pennsylvania and Ohio: and westwardly by the possessions of our friends and neighbors, the British subjects of Upper Canada. This splendid lake unites itself by means of navigable rivers, with lakes St. Clair, Huron, Michigan and Superior, embracing a lake shore of nearly three thousand miles; and by short canals, those vast sheets of water, will be connected with the Illinois and Mississippi rivers, thereby establishing a great trade to New-Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico. Lake Ontario to the north, is one hundred and ninety miles in length; and empties into the St. Lawrence, which passing through the Province of Lower Canada carries the commerce of Quebec and Montreal to the Atlantic Ocean.

Thus fortified to the right and left by the extensive commercial resources of the great lakes, and their tributary streams—within four miles of the sublime falls of Niagara, affording the greatest water power in the world for manufacturing purposes—directly opposite the mouth of the grand canal of three hundred and sixty miles inland navigation, to the Hudson river, and city of New-York, having the fur trade of Upper Canada to the west, and also of the great territories towards the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean; likewise the trade of the western States of America. Grand Island may be considered as surrounded by every commercial, manufacturing and agricultural advantage, and from its location is pre-eminently calculated to become in time the greatest trading and commercial depot in the new and better world. To men of worth and industry it has every substantial attraction, the capitalist will be enabled to employ his resources with undoubted profit, and the merchant cannot fail to reap the reward of enterprise in a great and growing republic, but to the industrious mechanic, manufacturer, and agriculturist, it holds forth great and improving advantages.

Deprived as our people have been for centuries of a right in the soil, they will learn with peculiar satisfaction, that here they can till the land, reap the harvest, and raise the flocks which are unquestionably their own; and the full and unmolested enjoyment of their religious rights, and of every civil immunity, together with peace and plenty, they can lift up their voice in gratitude to Him, who sustained our fathers in the wilderness, and brought us in triumph out of the land of Egypt; who assigned to us the safe keeping of His Oracles, who proclaimed us His people, and who has ever walked before us "like a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night."

In His name do I revive, renew and re-establish the government of the Jewish nation, under the auspicies and protection of the constitution and laws of the United States of America. Confirming and perpetuating all our rights and privileges, our name, our rank, and our power, among the nations of the earth as they existed and were recognized under the government of the Judges. And I hereby enjoin it upon all our pious and venerable rabbis, our presidents and elders of synagogues, chiefs of colleges, and brethren in authority throughout the world to circulate and make known this my proclamation, and to give to it full publicity, credence, and effect.

It is my will that a census of the Jews throughout the world be taken, and returns of persons, together with their age and occupation, be registered in the archives of the synagogues where they are accustomed to worship, designating such in particular, who have been and are distinguished in the useful arts, in science, or in knowledge.

Those of our people who from age, local attachment, or from any other cause prefer remaining in the several parts of the world which they now respectively inhabit, and who are treated with liberality by the public authorities, are permitted to do so, and are especially recommended to be faithful to the governments which protect them. It is however, expected, that they will aid and encourage the emigration of the young and enterprising, and endeavor to send to this country, such who will add to our national strength and character, by his industry, honor and patriotism.

Those Jews who are in the military employment of the different sovereigns of Europe are enjoined to keep in their ranks until further orders, and conduct themselves with bravery and fidelity.

I command that a strict neutrality, be observed in the pending war between the Greeks and the Turks enjoined by considerations of safety towards a numerous population of the Jews now under the oppressive domination of the Ottoman Porte.

The annual gifts which for many centuries have been afforded to our pious brethren in our Holy City of Jerusalem, to which may God speedily restore us, are to continue with unabated liberality; our seminaries of learning and institutions of charity in every part of the world, are to be increased, in order that wisdom and virtue may permanently prevail among the chosen people.

I abolish forever Polygamy among the Jews, which, without religious warrant, still exists in Asia and Africa. I prohibit marriages or giving *Kiduchim* without both parties are of a suitable age, and can read and write the language of the country which they respectfully inhabit, and which I trust will ensure to their offspring, the blessings of education and probably the lights of science.

Prayers shall forever be said in the Hebrew language, but it is recommended that occasional discourses on the principles of the Jewish faith, and the doctrines of morality generally be delivered in the language of the country, together with such reforms which without departing from the ancient faith may add greater solemnity to our worship.

The Caraite and Samaritan Jews, together with the black Jews of India and Africa, and likewise those in Chochin China, and the sect on the coast of Malabar, are entitled to an equality of rights and privileges, as are all who may partake of the great covenant, and obey and respect the Mosaical Laws.

The Indians of the American Continent in their admitted Asiatic origin, in their worship of one GOD, in their dialect and language, in their sacrifices, marriages, divorces, burials, fastings, purifications, punishments, cities of refuge, divisions of tribes, in their High Priest, and in their wars and in their victories, being in all probability the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel, which were carried captive by the King of Assyria, measures will be adopted to make them sensible of their origin, to cultivate their minds, soften their condition, and finally re-unite them with their brethren, the chosen people.

A capitation tax of three shekels in silver per annum, or one Spanish dollar, is hereby levied upon each Jew throughout the world, to be collected by the Treasurers of the different congregations, for the purpose of defraying the various expenses of re-organizing the government, of aiding emigrants in the purchase of agricultural instruments, providing for their immediate wants and comforts, and assisting their families in making the first settlements, together with free-will offerings as may be made in the furtherance of the laudible objects connected with the restoration of the people and glory of the Jewish nation. A Judge of Israel shall be chosen every four years by the Consistory at Paris, at which time Proxies from every congregation shall be received.

I do hereby name as commissioners, the most learned and pious Abraham de Cologna Knight of the Iron Crown of Lombardy, Grand Rabbi of the Jews and President of the Consistory of Paris, like the Grand Rabbi Andrade of Bordeaux, and also our estimable Grand Rabbis of the German and Portugal Jews, in London, Rabbis Hershal and Mendoza, together with the Honorable Aaron Nunez Cardoza of Gibraltar, Abraham Busaac, Esq. of Leghorn, Benjamin Gradis of Bordeaux, Dr. E. Gans and Professor Zuntz of Berlin, and Dr. Leo Woolf of Hamburgh, to aid and assist in carrying into effect the provisions of this proclamation, with powers to appoint the necessary agents in the several parts of the world, and to establish emigrating societies in order that the Jews may be concentrated and capacitated to as a distinct body having at the head of each kingdom or republic such presiding officers as I shall upon their recommendation appoint. Instructions to these my commissioners shall be forthwith transmitted. And a more enlarged and general view of the plan, motives and objects will be detailed in the address to the nation. The Consistory of Paris is hereby authorised and empowered to name three discreet persons of competent abilities to visit the United States, and make such report to the nation as the actual condition of this country and its state shall warrant.

I do appoint Roshodes Adar, Feb. 7, 1826, to be observed with suitable demonstrations as a day of Thanksgiving to the Lord God of Israel, for the manifold blessings and the signal protection which he has deigned to extend to his people, and in order that on that occasion our prayers may be offered for the continuance of His divine mercy, and the fulfilment of all the promises and pledges made to the race of Jacob.

I recommend peace and union among us, charity and good will to all, toleration and liberality to our brethren of every religious denomination, enjoined by the mild and just precepts of our holy religion. Honor and good faith in the fulfilment of all our contracts, together with temperance, economy and industry in our habits.

I intreat to be remembered in your prayers, and lastly and most earnestly, I do enjoin you to "Keep the charges of the Lord thy God, to walk in his ways, to keep in his statutes and his commandments and his judgments and his testimonies as it is written in the Laws of Moses, that thou mayest prosper in all thou doest, and whithersoever thou turnest thyself."

Given at Buffalo, in the State of New-York, this second day of Tisri, in the year of the world, 5586, corresponding with the fifteenth day of September, 1825, and in the fiftieth year of American Independence.

By the Judge,
A. B. SEIXAS, *Secty Pro. Tem.*

MASSACRE IN THE SOUTH SEA.

The British Press, received by the ship Courier, contains an account of a massacre, by a number of the Natives of Vavaoo, on board of the South Sea whaler Elizabeth, while she was lying near that Island. The inhabitants are represented to be of a copper color, and most of a gigantic size; having their hair stained with a variety of colors, principally black, white, and red, and their bodies and limbs rudely tattooed. There were on the Island, at the time the Elizabeth was there, five Englishmen, supposed to be the instigators of the massacre, whose names were Brown, a man called Jemmy, (his surname could not be found out,) James Loft, Henry Tillet, and William Barwell. The two former were saved from the ship Port-au-Prince, when taken at a neighboring Island; the third was a convict; and the two latter escaped from the wreck of the Ceres, Captain Lancaster, who with several of his crew, were massacred at the Island of Tonama. The facts of the case, as related by the survivors, who returned in the ship, are as follows:—[*B. States.*

Some time in September, 1823, the ship came to anchor at Port Refuge, in the island, and was most generously and abundantly supplied by the natives, who hastened down in numbers, with fruits, herbs, vegetables and other productions. In return for these kindnesses, the Captain of the vessel presented their chief, Fenow, with a musket and a half barrel of powder.

The ship shortly afterward sailed from Port Refuge, taking on board three of the natives, two men and a boy, one of whom shortly afterwards became deranged and leaped overboard while the vessel was running at the rate of six knots an hour. A boat was lowered, and he was picked up, but when he was brought on board he appeared quite unconcerned, in consequence of which the Captain ordered him forward, and gave directions that he should be prevented holding any communication with his fellow-countrymen. He some time afterward aimed a blow at one of the men with the cook's axe, for which he was flogged, and turning out extremely troublesome, the Captain put him on shore at the island of Tongataboo, whence he soon found his way back to Vavaoo. The remaining natives were treated, it is said, with the greatest kindness during the whole time they remained on board.

The ship continued cruising a short time and then returned to Vavaoo, where after waiting a day or two without seeing any body, the Captain received a message from Fenow, informing him that there was a feast on the island, or that he and Brown would have come on board before; and some hours afterward, he arrived, in company with Brown and several of his chiefs. Fenow was immediately taken into the cabin, where the Captain made him a present of a checked shirt and a pair of blue trowsers, which, however, he soon exchanged with one of his chiefs for what is called a tappa. The native who had been on board and had jumped overboard, was very assiduous in pointing out the officers to Fenow during dinner. The Captain's rifle hung up in his cabin, which Fenow seeing, was anxious to obtain possession of, and asked the Captain to give it to him; but this he declined doing, much to the displeasure of the Chief.—After dinner the natives were observed playing clubs, and spears, in the chains; they were instantly ordered out, and turned off the decks. Directions were then given to load the muskets and great guns, two muskets being previously sent into the maintop, and two in the foretop. This being done, the Captain walked forward to turn the natives off the deck, and had proceeded as far as the waist when Fenow coming behind him with the stancheon which supports the skidds, and giving the war-whoop, struck the Captain on the forehead as he was turning round to know the cause of the tumult. The contest now became general, and a dreadful slaughter ensued, in which, as the crew were unarmed, the natives must have been victorious, if it had not been for the arms in the tops. The fire from the foretop was terrific. On one side lay the chief mate weltering in his gore, and alongside of him a seaman in nearly a similar state. Just before the mainmast the Captain was engaging two of the savages with his claw-hammer, (the only weapon of defence that he could lay his hands on,) when a third came up and struck him a desperate blow with his club on the head, which felled him to the deck. The Captain lay on the starboard side of the deck in the most wretched condition, and abaft of him the third mate, and a seaman, in a similar state. The ship was a continued scene of bloodshed and slaughter. An incessant firing was kept up from both tops, and Fenow shortly leaped overboard, though not before he had given the Captain, who at the time lay senseless and bleeding from every pore, another desperate blow; and so great was the alarm of the natives at the report of the guns and the desertion of their Chief, that in a few minutes the decks were cleared.—Those who were in the tops then descended, and directed their attention to the wounded who lay about the deck. The Captain was the first who was taken below, where his wounds were washed, and plasters applied. The principal wound he received was on the forehead; it proved mortal, and terminated his existence in about ten days. The chief mate lingered for forty-eight hours in an insensible state, and then expired. The carpenter was lying on the starboard side, foaming with blood at the nose and mouth; when his wounds were examined, his skull was completely smashed. He survived till 5 o'clock on the following morning, when death put an end to his suffering. The rest were not mortally wounded.

Such is the account given by the survivors, who recently arrived in the ship at Deptford, and it appears to us that, however lamentable the occurrence, it was brought on in some measure, by the imprudent conduct, to make use of the mildest epithet, of the Captain and crew of the ship.

Foreign.

The heat in France has been exceedingly oppressive. On the 19th of July, about thirty miles from Paris, on an elevated spot, and in a shade with a northern exposure, the mercury rose by Reaumer's scale to 32 degrees above 0, equal to 104 of Fharenheit. Water, in a brass kettle, was so heated that persons could not hold their hands in it, and stones and metalic substances were so hot that they could not be held in the hand. There had not been for seven weeks the least moisture in the air, or the least dew on the leaves, and there had been a constantly burning sun without clouds, and a parching wind from the north-east, during the whole time.

It is affirmed, in the English papers, that the Slave-Trade is still carried on, in its most odious form, at the *Mauritius*. Since 1816, upwards of SEVENTY THOUSAND SLAVES are said to have been introduced!

One of the Methodist Missionaries just returned from the South Sea Islands, testified at a late public meeting in England, that he had seen canibalism in its worst form in New-Zealand. On one occasion, thirty prisoners were roasted and feasted upon, before the missionaries could withdraw.

Lord Cochrane and the Brazils.—It appears, by information received from Capt. Merrill, of the ship Arethusa, arrived at Baltimore on the 18th ult. in 38 days from St. Salvador, that his Lordship had been ordered by the Emperor of Brazil to repair to Rio, but declined the honor of obeying his master, shipped a quantity of Cotton, to Maranham and made his escape in a frigate. In consequence of this conduct, the Emperor had struck his name from the Brazilian navy, and deprived him of his newly acquired titles, such as the *Marquis of Maranham*, &c. &c. and appointed Commodore JEWETT Admiral of the fleet. We have already announced in the Gazette the arrival of the quondam Admiral in England, where it is believed, he is enjoying the rich reward of his *disinterested* patriotism towards South America.—*Balt. Fed. Gaz.*

MEXICO.—The *National Journal* contains a translation of the Address of the President of Mexico to the Extraordinary Congress which was convened on the 4th ultimo. The principal objects to which he directs the deliberations of that body, are, the better organization of the tribunals of justice—the liberty of the press—the state of the national treasury—the moral condition of the army—and the commercial relations of the country.

THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY, OCT. 6, 1825.

COURT OF SESSIONS.—The October Term of this Court for the County of Oxford, will commence on Tuesday next.

A PROBATE COURT will also be holden at the Probate Office the same day.

The Court of Common Pleas for this County closed its session on Thursday of last week. There were but few trials on civil causes, and we believe but two actions of a criminal nature, viz:

William R. Hemmingway, for assault and battery upon John Buck—plead guilty; fined five dollars and costs.

Hiram Swallow, for taking money from Enoch Crocker—did not appear; and his recognizance was forfeited.

A STAR FALLEN.—It falls to our humble lot, this week, to record in our columns, the exit of the *Columbian Star*, of Alfred, York County, (Me.); and as we *expect soon*, some friendly Editor will have to do us the same favor, we shall be somewhat particular:

The Star left the scenes of this transitory world on Thursday morning of last week, aged *one year and three months!!!* Its birth, as far as we can learn, was not premature, for its parents had something like seven months to prepare for its reception into the world, and provide for its support. Though some people thought at the time it made its first appearance, it had the marks of *short* life upon it, *itself* affirmed, that its constitution was hale, and vigorous. At the early age of two months it said it had a good support; and was frequently complimented with letters like the following:—"Please send me your paper from the commencement." And in fact, so numerous were applications of this kind, that it was impossible to comply with them all.——It was considered by some as possessing rather a choleric and hot-headed disposition; as being very confident in its own opinions; with no small share of conceit in foretelling future events. The following is a *specimen* of its prophecies: speaking of the "Wingate party," it says, "*one thing is certain, that if J. Q. Adams is President, this State goes into the hands of that family.*" Again, "*Mr. Adams can never be President of the U. States,*" &c. All these things our readers well know have taken place—but perhaps all of them did not know *before this*, that the *Columbian Star* prophesied so, for *nearly three months* before they "came to pass;" but it is a serious fact, and can *now* be proved by the most authentic testimony.——It also possessed the extraordinary faculty of publishing *extracts* from letters which *never* were written, and the most positive testimony in favor of any measure it wished to advocate and support; and such was its character for truth and veracity, that it was never questioned; for whatever it asserted with respect to "men or measures" was sure to take place, as all who were acquainted with it in its life time, can now testify. ——Some, indeed, thought its stay would be but short in this our *lower* world, on account of its almost *supernatural* powers; but as its ties were so numerous and strong, having "*rising of seven hundred subscribers, and supported by eleven States,*" out of the twenty-four, according to its own testimony, it gave *fair promise* of "long life." But so it is with all "who are born of flesh" and the *will* of man,—they rise and flourish as the green bay horse, and are cut down in the midst of their *usefulness*. We have learnt that *disappointment* was *one primary* cause of its departure, and it is, at present, rather doubtful whether it retained its *senses* until the last moment of its existence, or if it did there is evidence of *some change* in its views, which perhaps was the case; for like most mortals when about to leave this vale of tears, looking back upon the past acts of life, they will undoubtedly discover some of them might have been better performed.—So with the *Star*; it gives the friendly hand to all, and fondly "*predicts* the time is not distant when old friends will be re-united." Whether we are to see *this* prophecy fulfilled in this, or the next world, we are not told; but we certainly feel pleased to record so much candor and good feeling expressed by our cotemporary, in its *last struggles* for life, and had we been present at the time of its dissolution, we should have treasured up every thing which fell from its dying lips. Whether many of its first friends were present we know not; but we expect some of its former enemies and opponents were sent for in order to settle all difficulties "in this world," that it might die "in peace." Consequently we can account for not receiving the *American Patriot*, edited by Doct. NATHANIEL LOW, for two weeks past, supposing, he was *called* to visit the *declining Star*. But peace to its ashes—it was our junior in age by just *one* week; but it is now gone—a *loud* call to—*us*, and a *solemn* warning to—*others* of *like* habits and constitutions—*to be ready for their departure.*

WHITE HILLS.—These "*ancient landmarks*" we observed were covered with snow on Thursday morning last, for the first time this fall. Their white and majestic heads towering to the clouds, as the sun shone on them at its first rising, were picturesque and almost enchanting. The atmosphere, probably, was not hardly so agreeable on their tops as at this place.

AS IT SHOULD BE.—Lt. Wolbert, who has been so officious in prefering charges against several Naval Officers and especially against Lt. Ramage, who was recently acquitted, has himself been tried for prefering those charges, when it was proved before the Court, that they were *false*; and Lt. Wolbert's name has been stricken from the Navy. It appears to be just and right, when one officer prefers charges against another, out of mere malice, *he* should receive that merited contempt and scorn, which conduct like this deserves.

THE JEWS.—We stated sometime since that Major NOAH of New-York, had purchased Grand Isle in the Niagara river, for a settlement for his countrymen, (the Jews;) and that the corner-stone for the city would be laid on the 15th ult. In to day's paper our readers will find the proclamation to the Jews throughout the world, proclaimed by MORDECAI MANUEL NOAH, as first Judge of Israel; under the government now established among the Jews, who as we well know have remained without one for nearly *two thousand years*. We do earnestly hope that this long dispersed and scattered people will find an ASYLUM in this land of Liberty—that those men who have taken such an active part in forming this government, may have their expectations fully realized, and live to reap some of the fruits of their labor.

The President of the United States, arrived at Boston on the 28th ult. His stay will be short, as it is said he will not be absent from the Seat of Government but *four weeks*.

LARGE APPLE.—Mr. Nathaniel Fuller, jr. of Hebron, has presented us with an apple called a New-York Greening, which measures *twelve and a quarter inches* in circumference.

A WARNING.—At the late session of the Supreme Court in the State of Rhode-Island, *thirty-one* petitions were presented for *divorce*. This state of things rather indicates that some persons change their minds, at least.

It is stated that in Philadelphia *one thousand* dogs have been killed during the summer, by order of the city authorities. We understand the campaign has closed for this season, but will open early next spring.

At the recent Term of the Supreme Judicial Court held at Wiscasset by Judge PREBLE, there were five criminal convictions, viz:

William Ellis, lately discharged from the State Prison at Thomaston, for stealing a pocket-book from the person of Israel Miller, in Thomaston, in May last, was sentenced to one month's solitary confinement, and two years' hard labor in the State Prison.

Thomas Decker, of Boothbay, for breaking into and stealing goods from Mr. L. Lithgow's store in Dresden, was sentenced to three months' solitary confinement, and two years' hard labor.

Samuel Heath, of New-Castle, was indicted for the crime of *manslaughter*, and, pleading guilty, was sentenced to five months' solitary confinement, and eight years' hard labor in the State Prison. It appears that Nathaniel Haynes, the person killed, was at a store with Heath, in Nobleboro,' and threw a pail of water upon him, with a view to insult him.—Heath in a great passion, caught up a heavy billet of wood about 4 feet long and 3 inches in diameter, with which he pursued and struck Haynes a severe blow upon the head, of which he died.

Samuel Martin and William Martin, of Thomaston, were indicted jointly for an aggravated assault and battery upon John Bergelin, and attacking his house and breaking in the door thereof. They were found guilty and each sentenced to two months' imprisonment in the county jail.

SWORD FISH.—Arrived at Plymouth, 20th ult. ship Fortune, Myrick, last from Talcahuano, 94 days, with 2000 bbls. oil. Aug. 5th, 1824, lat. 31 deg. N. long. 150 E. the Fortune was struck near the floor timber heads about midship, by a Sword Fish. The sword of the fish struck the ship with such violence as to pass through the copper, and from thence through 3-4ths inch pine sheathing, 3 1-4 inch white oak plank, a 9 inch white oak timber, and a 2 1-2 inch white oak ceiling into the ship's hold; when it passed through a stick of pine wood 3 1-2 inches thick, and from thence through a white oak 1 inch stave into an oil cask, leaving the point the distance of an inch and a half into the oil.——The sword broke off 2 or 3 inches from the outside of the ship and remained in that situation during a cruise of about 10 months, when it was discovered in the harbor of Talcahuano. During this time the ship leaked, in moderate weather 250 strokes, and when sailing quick about 130 strokes an hour. The form of the sword is oval, and the part which remained in the ship's plank was about 12 inches in circumference. The part which perforated the cask completely filled the hole which it made, so as to prevent any leakage of the oil with which it was filled.

QUACKERY.—To prevent the increase of quackery, the New-York State Medical Society will apply at the next session of the Legislature of that State for certain amendments to the "Act to incorporate Medical Societies for the purpose of Regulating the practice of Physic and Surgery in that State, passed April 10, 1813;" viz. for the prevention of quackery; for the better examination of students; for the punishment of unworthy members of the profession; for the increase of Censors of the State Medical Society; for regulating the requisitions for the degree of Doctor of Medicine; and for other purposes.—*Boston States.*

The venerable CHARLES CARROL, of Maryland, one of the three surviving Signers of the Declaration of Independence, attained his *eighty-ninth* year on the 21st inst. His venerable compatriot JOHN ADAMS, will in a few days reach his *ninetieth* year.—*Ib.*

At a recent trial before the Supreme Judicial Court of New-Hampshire, it was decided "that Instructors have full right to punish their pupils for the transgression of the rules of their schools, even though the school may have been dismissed, if the scholar so transgressing had not gone home to his parents or master."—*Ib.*

THE COMET—is found to have passed his Perihelion, and is travelling South-westward with a retarded motion of about 1 deg. 24 min. per day; he crossed the 50th degree of the Equator the 26th ult., at an angle of 53 deg. and will soon become invisible.—*Ib.*

We are requested to give notice, that Rev. SYLVANUS COBB, of Waterville, will preach at Norway village, to-morrow evening, (Friday.)

Married,

In Waterford, Mr. John G. W. Coolidge to Mrs. Zipparah Andrews.

In Saco, John Fairfield, Esq. to Miss Ann Thornton, daughter of the late Thos. G. Thornton, Esq.

Died,

In this town, on Monday the 26th ult. Doct. EBENEZER H. GOSS, aged 84 years. Doct. Goss was formerly from Concord, (N. H.) but has resided in this State for nearly fifty years. He was in possession of his mental faculties until the last moments of his life, and died in full assurance of the truth of the doctrine which he professed to believe—the impartial goodness of GOD to all mankind, and their final restoration to holiness and happiness.

In Norway, on Thursday morning 29th ult. Mrs. SUKEY SMITH, aged 47 years; wife of Mr. Daniel Smith, and daughter of Mr. Jonathan Bennett, late of New-Gloucester. Perfectly resigned, she died in the hope of a happy immortality, and repeatedly prayed and wished her soul away before the summons came.

Deeply mourn'd as is our loss, yet methinks,
Oft in the dead of night her voice I hear,
Like harp angelic, bidding me rejoice,
Not weep her fate; for now she dwells in bliss,
Pure without alloy, far transcending all
That heart of man can image, and with eye
Clear'd from its mortal dross, beholds the end
Of human suffering,—weeps no more the woes
Of kindred dust, but sees unnumber'd crowds,
Multitudes vast—of every race and tint—
Dreaming of pain awhile, but to awake,
In beatific and eternal joy. [*Communicated.*]

In Jay, Mr. David Hager, aged 96; formerly of Newton, (Mass.)

In Hebron, Mr. Sewall L. Lumbard, formerly of Gorham, aged 37.

In Gardiner, (Me.) Mrs. OLIVE WELLS, aged 36 years—wife of Rev. Ebenezer Wells, presiding Elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church, on Kennebec District.

In Anson, Rev. Robert Rogers, pastor of the Methodist Church in that place.

In the Alms-House, in Elliot, Mrs. Hannah Smart, aged 103 years and 4 months. There are now living in the Alms-House, in Elliot, two women over 100 years of age. The eldest, aged 106 years and 4 months, walked a few weeks since, a distance of fourteen miles in two days, and soon after returned in the same time. She retains in a remarkable degree all her faculties—reads without spectacles, and walks erect. She bids fair to live another generation yet to come. The age of the other is 101 years and 3 months.

In Holden, (Mass.) on the 25th ult. Capt. GEORGE WEBB, aged 85.——At the age of 18, he served as a soldier in the French war, and was one of the first to step forward in support of the revolutionary contest. During the greatest part of the war, he served his country under the commission of a Captain of Light-Infantry. This responsible office he sustained with credit to himself and honor to his country. He withdrew not his services till our Independence was achieved. He was a man of uncommon enterprise and courage. Never did he shrink from hardship and danger, when in the service of his country. He was the sub-marine navigator who conducted the American torpedo to the bottom of a British 74. His name appears among the venerable members of the Cincinnati. At the age of 70, he made a public profession of religion, which he honored to the last.

In Westminister, (Vt.) Mr. Asa Averil, aged 86 years. He was driven at different times with his father's family to the forts in Charlestown, Walpole and Putney, and for several years of his life they were his only habitation. He was an ensign under Wolfe at the taking of Quebec, was among the Green Mountain Boys at the surrender of Burgoyne, and during a long period of peace lived to see the country which he had aided in redeeming from the wilderness and the enemy, populous, flourishing and happy.

In Upton, on Monday morning 19th ult. John W. Hubbard, Esq. of Worcester, in the 32d year of his age. He had been residing in Newport for several weeks past, for the recovery of his health, and was returning to his family, when arrested in his journey by death.

In Kingfield, on the 18th ult. Mrs. Anna, wife of Nathaniel Dudley, Esq. aged 60 years.

At Charlestown, Sept. 1, Capt. Timothy Carlton, aged 72, a soldier in the Revolution, and one of the immediate body guard of Gen. Washington. He was a pensioner, and one that made good use of his country's bounty.

In Salisbury, Aug. 25, very suddenly, Mr. Benjamin Collins, a revolutionary patriot, having just completed his 74th year.

In Boscawen, (N. H.) on the evening of Sept. 3d, Mr. Gardner Trumbull, aged 22. While driving a team with a load of corn, he fell from the spire—the wheel passed over his body, and he survived only about 6 hours.

In Brookfield, (N. H.) Mr. Nathaniel Sabins, aged 62—a revolutionary pensioner.

In Posen, on the 29th of June, Peter Tucan, aged 29. It is said that he measured eight feet and 7 inches in height—was a moderate eater—had no beard—and continued growing until his death.

AUCTION.

TO BE SOLD at Public Auction, at the Court-House in Paris, in the County of Oxford, on Saturday the 15th day of October instant, at three of the clock P. M., all the right, title and interest of the subscriber, in and to the real estate of the late JOHN WILLIS, deceased—being seven eighteenth parts of what is set off to be improved by the widow of said deceased, during her life, and subject to that incumbrance.

☞TERMS of sale—*Cash*, on delivery of the Deed.

LEVI WILLIS.

Paris, Oct. 5, 1825. 66

LIST OF LETTERS *remaining in the Post-Office at Paris, October 1st, 1825.*

Micah Allen.
Sarah Buck—Robert Bearce, *Greenwood.*
Jonathan Cummings, 2—
Clerk of the Circuit Court for the County of Oxford—Hon. Court of Sessions—Next Court of Sessions.
Jacob French.
Rufus K. Goodenow, 4.
Sophia Harris—Joseph Herrick, Jr.
Lemuel Jackson.
Solomon Leonard—Joseph Lindsey—Joseph M. Lyford.
Eliza Morse.
Simeon Norris—Cyrus B. Norris.
Zebulon K. Pratt—Benjamin Pratt.
Nathaniel Russell—Uriah Ripley, Jr.—Eliphas Ring—Increase Robinson—William Ryerson, 4.
Isaac Sturtevant—William Stearns—Joseph Swift—Sally Starbard.
Jacob Winslow—Esq. Walker.

ASA BARTON, *A. P. M.*

NOTICE.

TYROCINIC ADELPHI.

THE Members of the *Tyrocinic Adelphi*, and the Public at large, are informed that the Anniversary of the Society, which was to be celebrated on the 19th of October, is deferred till further notice, on account of the unavoidable failure of brother CUSHMAN, the Orator.

LEANDER S. TRIPP, *Secretary.*

Hebron Academy, 4th October, 1825.

☞The Exhibition of the School is likewise deferred. 66

TEN DOLLARS REWARD.

LOST in going from NATHANIEL SEGAR'S to JEREMIAH ANDREWS', in Bethel, a *Calf-skin* POCKET BOOK—containing Seventy-two Dollars in Bank Bills; and two Notes of Hand, payable to the subscriber. Whoever will return the same, shall receive the above reward. EDMUND SEGAR.

Bethel, Oct. 1st, 1825. 66

NOTICE.

ALL persons who are indebted to the subscriber, are requested to make payment to ENOCH LINCOLN, Esq., on or before the tenth day of October; or their Accounts will be sued without any further notice. ALDEN FULLER.

Paris, Oct. 3, 1825. 66

CAUTION.

ALL persons are hereby cautioned against giving any credit or making any contracts with ZEBEDEE DELANO, now residing in Peru, in the County of Oxford; as he was, some years since, adjudged by the Hon. Court of Probate, for said County, to be *non compos mentis*, and put under guardianship for that cause, and remains under guardianship for the same reason to this time. JOHN GIBBS, *Guardian.*

Livermore, Sept. 26, 1825. 65*

COBB'S SERMON.

JUST Published and for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore*, A SERMON, delivered July 7th, 1825, at the *Eastern Association of Universalists*, at *Wayne*. By Rev. SYLVANUS COBB.

September 29.

Administrators' Sale.

TO BE SOLD at *PUBLIC VENDUE* at the dwelling-house of the late STEPHEN ROBINSON, in Paris, by order of the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, on Thursday the 13th of October next, at nine o'clock, A. M. for the payment of debts, a part of the Personal Estate of said Robinson;

—viz:—

3 valuable three year old COLTS—1 yearling do.—1 yoke of OXEN—1 four year old OX—1 three year old STEER—and 4 COWS; (said oxen, Steer, and Cows, are good Beef.)——*Also*, 4 good COWS—2 HEIFERS—1 yoke of two year old STEERS—2 two year old BULLS—26 SHEEP—5 SWINE—30 bushels of WHEAT—100 do. of CORN—120 do. of OATS—2 new *single* SLEIGHS—1 old *four-wheel* CARRIAGE—a quantity of PLANK for Cart-Felloes—a lot of Plank and Heading for Barrels—a quantity of BOARDS, PLANK, and JOIST—a lot of WAGON SPOKES—100 bbls. of good OLD CIDER—50 do. of VINEGAR—1 doz. MOROCCO SKINS—2 cwt. NAIL PLATES and RODS—6 bushels of PEAS and BEANS—a quantity of Sheep's WOOL—and a quantity of CLOVER CHAFF.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.

All purchases of $10 and under, *Cash*; all over 10 and under $20, in *thirty days*; all over $20, on the *first* day of January next,—with undoubted security on interest.

JEMIMA ROBINSON, } *Administrators.*
LEVI WHITMAN, }

Paris, Sept. 22, 1825. is3w 65

ADMINISTRATRIX'S SALE.

WILL be sold by order of the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, on Saturday the tenth day of December next, at the Inn of JANE COFFIN, in *Porter*, at ten of the clock, A. M. all the Real Estate which JAMES COFFIN; late of *Porter* aforesaid, Esq. died seized and possessed in said *Porter*.

JANE COFFIN.

Porter, Sept. 17, 1825. 64

PROBATE NOTICES.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of

DAVID McWAIN,

late of *Waterford*, in the County of Oxford, Yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to DAVID McWAIN.

Waterford, Aug. 2, 1825. 64*

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of DAVID SESSIONS,

late of *Andover-surplus*, in the County of Oxford, Yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to JOHN MERRILL.

Bethel, Sept. 13, 1825. 64*

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of

SYLVESTER JONES,

late of *Turner*, in the County of Oxford, Gentleman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to BARNUM JONES.

Turner, Sept. 16, 1825. 64*

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

THE subscribers, appointed Commissioners, by the Honorable BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors to the estate of EPHRAIM LINDSAY, late of *Fryeburg*, in said County, deceased, represented insolvent, hereby give notice to all concerned, that we shall attend to the aforesaid service the last Saturdays of October and December next, at the House of Capt. PHILIP FARRINGTON, in Fryeburg, from ten o'clock A. M. to six o'clock P. M. on said days.

EBEN. FESSENDEN, Jr. } *Commissioners.*
THOMAS DAY, }

Fryeburg, Sept. 20, 1825. 65*

POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

On accidentally discovering an Unknown Grave.

Who is it sleeps so lonely here,
Beneath this grassy sod?
Who's buried all life's joys and woes
Beneath the heavy clod?
Who is it moulders thus to clay,
Nor leaves a name behind—
To satisfy the asking eye
And the inquiring mind?

Alas! no friend stands by the grave
To tell of one belov'd;
No faithful bosom trembles here,
By virtuous sorrow mov'd;—
Life's gay companions all have fled
To join the countless throng,—
Who ne'er indulge such pensive thoughts,
As to the dead belong.

But, when this body here was laid,
Was not the deep-drawn sigh
In agony breath'd o'er the spot
By love—that cannot die?
Did not some relative bedew
With tears this hallow'd ground?
Did not some friendly hand assist
To raise this little mound?

'T was doubtless so; but all are gone
Who o'er these ashes wept—
And now neglected and unknown
In peace for years they've slept!
Unheeded are they now by both
The humble and the proud;
For dark Oblivion's o'er them wrapt
A cold and dreary shroud.

Must all that's earthly pass away,
And be forgotten so?
Must o'er the lovely and the great
Lethean waters flow?
Must all the soft endearing ties,
Which now enchain the heart,
Be sever'd in an instant thus
By *Death's* unfeeling dart? OITHONA.

THE DEATH OF MY SISTER.

With mournful steps we bore her,
Unto her narrow bed—
Fond hearts were beating o'er her—
And bitter tears were shed.

She fell in youth's gay morning,
In all life's sunny prime;
Ere palsied age gave warning,
Or mark'd th' appointed time.

Yet calm her soul in dying
As sunset's holy ray—
Upon her God relying,
Her spirit fled away!

The rose untimely blasted,
The violet nipt in bloom—
Their blushing beauties wasted
Are emblems of her doom.

Though lonely is her dwelling,
Though dark the chamber there,
Yet eyes with tears are swelling,
And lov'd ones linger near.

The grief that rends my bosom,
None e'er but brothers knew;
Oh, fair and faded blossom!
A long—a last adieu.

FROM THE BOSTON ATHENEUM.

WALLACE'S DREAM.

The last beam of day from the West had departed,
And night's darkest canopy hung o'er the plain;
While through the deep gloom the wild meteor darted,
And shed its red glare o'er the field of the slain.
The camp-fires at intervals faintly were gleaming;
The storm's gloomy spirit moan'd loud from his cave;
The Carron's dark waters at distance were streaming,
And sigh'd as they mix'd with the blood of the brave!

By a moss-cover'd rock lay his country's defender
Asleep with his manly form wrapp'd in his plaid,
He dream'd of a land that had none to befriend her,
If low in the dust her brave Wallace was laid!
He dream'd of companions in peril and danger,
Now stretched on the wild heath and stiff'ning in gore,
Who fought by his side in the land of the stranger,
And died to defend him by Carron's lone shore!

He dream'd that he saw deeply pictur'd before him,
His own cruel fate in the land of the slave;
But he dream'd that the banner of glory wav'd o'er him,—
That the tears of his country would hallow his grave.
He started,—awoke,—drew his falchion—'Twas gory;—
He rais'd high to heav'n his arm and his eye,
And swore to pursue the path onward to glory;
For dear Caledonia, to conquer, or die.

VARIETY.

From the Hallowell Advocate.

JOURNAL OF A DAY.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, MARCH 1825.—12 *o'clock at night:* Turned in *boozy*, without having looked at my lesson. Dreamed I had graduated; commenced and finished my law-studies; got admitted to the Bar; was agoing to make my "debut" in Court on the ensuing day. Agitation increasing, as the eventful hour approinquated. Woke up in agony at the first stroke of the court bell.—7 *o'clock:* Found it was our infernal old "Tintinnabulum" in the Chapel belfry ringing for Prayers. Agony redoubled. Nestled under the bed-clothes to sleep till it tolled.—7 1-4: Bell tolling. Sprang out of bed, into my pantaloons in "one motion." Thrust my right arm through the back of my waist-coat. Socks wrong-side-out, and neck-cloth tied under my left ear. Would that it had been a halter! Seized my wash-bowl to discharge its stagnant contents out of the window. Students passing beneath to the Chapel. Cried "heads below!" just in time to make 'em raise their eyes and receive the dose in their faces. Drawing in my arm suddenly, to avoid detection, the wash-bowl slipped, alighted on the pericranium of tutor S—— and fell to pieces. Succeeded in getting on one boot, the other being refractory, substituted my slipper.—7 1-2: I hobbled in to "prayers." B—— looked at my hair and asked me, where I had got an "Hurra's nest."—7 3-4: somewhat tranquilized by a cold Chapel and a fervent prayer. Attended recitation in Natural Philosophy. Was called upon first, and required to give a definition of "Body." Answered in the old couplet—

"If a body, meet a body in a bag of beans,
"Can a body tell a body, what a body means?"

Instructor advised me to review the Lesson. Told him I could'nt "for the body o' me."—8 1-2 *o'clock:* Recitation finished, retired to my room. Found there the sweeper and bed-maker. Remarked that few people knew how to "kick up a dust" better.—9 *o'clock:* Study hours. Sat down to copy music. Got so engaged that I did'nt hear the Bell for recitation.—11 1-2 *o'clock:* Discovered my mistake.—12: Infernally *carnivorous.* Mem. To propose the introduction of Luncheons into all public seminaries. Went to the Post-Office in hopes of receiving a supply of the "*needful.*" No letters.—1 *o'clock:* Dinner. Our Tintinnabulum sounds remarkably distinct at this time o' day. Can't account for it. Eat like a horse-mackerel, lining the *interior* with Beef-steak and Pancakes.—1 1-2: Returned to my room. Symptoms of the "Blues." Prepared for the attack by reclining my head on my hands and my hands on the table.—4 1-2: Roused by the recitation bell. Attended recitation in Metaphysics. Was asked whether "the soul always thinks or not?" Replied that judging by the afternoon's experience, should conclude it did not.—7 *o'clock:* Was smuggling a quart of Santa Cruz into College, in an Oil Pot, when I cast my eyes towards an entry-window and found the external obscurity relieved by the glare of a bon-fire. Relinquished my canteen and pushed ahead. Espied Professor P—— issuing from his door. Lurked in the back ground 'till he had passed me, then dogged him at a distance. Saw him retire into the shade; ran up and slapped him sociably on the back, with a "good sport this, ha! Bartlet? equal to our powder-plot." *Disperse* to your room! rascal! I'am an officer of the Government. "Psha! Bartlet, you need not think to bamboozle me in that style! fire! fire! fire! fire! I was now obliged to recognize the old scape-gallows, who laid an embargo on my lungs, and told me to make myself scarce. Skulked off to my room and rolled a back-log down stairs, out of sheer spite. Seized my candle and ran out into the entry, to see what the matter was! 12 *o'clock:* Turn'd in boozy as usual.

ALUMNUS.

[We all recollect the Story of the Lacedemonian matron, whose joy at her countrymen's obtaining a victory was so great that she could not lament the loss of her children slain in battle. The following Anecdote, extracted from *Thatcher's Military Journal*, displays equal patriotism in conjunction with true paternal affection, and consequently places the American father above the Spartan mother:]—

"A venerable old man had five sons in the field of battle near Bennington, and being told that he had been unfortunate in one of his sons, replied, "What, has he misbehaved! did he desert his post, or shrink from the charge?" "No, sir," says the informant, worse than that; he is among the slain—he fell contending mightily in the cause." "Then I am satisfied," replied the good old man—"bring him in, that I may behold the darling of my soul." On which the corpse was brought in and laid before him. He then called for a bowl of water and a napkin, and with his own hands washed the gore and dirt from his son's corpse, and wiped his gaping wounds, with a complacency, (as he himself expressed it,) which before he had never felt or experienced."

[The Story is simple and touching.]

A prisoner in the fleet-prison sent to his creditors, to let him know that he had a proposal to make, which he believed would be for their mutual benefit. "I have been thinking," said he, "that it is a very idle thing for me to lie here and put you to the expense of seven groats a week. My being so chargeable to you has given me much uneasiness, and it is impossible to say what it may cost you in the end. Therefore what I would propose is this, you shall let me out of prison, and instead of seven groats, you shall only allow me eighteen pence a week, and the other ten pence shall go towards the payment of the debt."

Chancery Suit.—Two suitors in Chancery being reconciled to each other after a very tedious and expensive suit, applied to an artist to paint a device in commemoration of their returning amity and peace: the artist accordingly painted one of them in his shirt, and the other stark naked.

The Lord of the village being at dinner, allowed one of his tenants to stand, while he conversed with him. "What news, my friend?" said the squire. "None that I know of," replied the farmer, "except that a sow of mine has had a litter of *thirteen* pigs, and she has only *twelve* teats." "What will the thirteenth do?" asked the Lord.—"Do as I do," returned Hodge, "*it will stand and look on while the others eat.*"

A certain Deacon belonging to a church in this State, having had the misfortune to lose his wife, attempted immediately after his spouse's exit, to "*strike up a match*" with his maid, whose name was PATIENCE. The priest of the village coming a short time after to consult the bereaved husband, told him he must have *patience* to support him in his troubles—"Ah, (said the Deacon,) I have been trying her, but she seems to be rather off."

Some years since, a sober, zealous Connecticut parson went to catechise a family in his parish, who were not so well versed in the rudiments of divinity as some are. When he arrived he thought proper to begin with Lois the eldest daughter, a girl about eighteen, and buxom as May, whose charms had smitten the young village swains with an epidemic. "Well, Lois," said the parson, "I shall begin on you: come tell me who died for you?" Lois, with a charming flush on her cheek, replied, "why, nobody as I know on." The parson, rather surprised at her answer, repeated the question with increased zeal. Lois rather irritated at the inquisitive parson, again replied, "why, nobody, sir; there was Tom Dawson lay sick for me about six months, but folks say he has got about again."

Where is the hoe? said a gentleman to his negro. "Wid de harrow." Where is the harrow? "Wid de hoe." And where are they both? "Wy, boph together; good L—d, do you want create a fuss wid poor nigger dis mornin?"

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

[The subscriber to the following communication is particularly earnest to have it inserted—we believe him mistaken, if, as he seems to insinuate, he thinks that the fires originated from the burning of the hay by order of the State's Agent. Who was his amanuensis we know not; he says it was a St. Johns Indian. We publish it *verbatim et literatim.—Ban. Register.*]

Now me speak in paper—hay timber all burnt up—Me seeum Mattinawcook Island all burnt up—all bare just like my harm no Blanket—what meanum states agent send Captin Chase to burnum hay when every thing so dry—Indian two township all burn up before rane come—Indian lossum all timber and hay—sartin me now walk general court next winter then me speakum Governer Parris—me hearum he givum to the agent to burnum all hay—spose Governer Parris speak he no say so—then me speak states agent pay indian all hay and timber he burn—spose he say so—then Governer Parris he pay sartin—When indian havum all timber and hay noboddy burnum hay—now state gittum all indian land but two township then he settum fire to drive all indian off—now me havum no more timber—by by me be naked just like snake—all indians speak so

JOHN NEPTUNE.

GENERAL JARVIS.—The letters from Mr. Miller, which we have published, contain repeated notices of General Jarvis, the first American who volunteered his services in the cause of Greece. We have learned from another quarter, something of the services of Mr. Jarvis in Greece. He is son to Mr. Benjamin Jarvis, a native of New-York, formerly resident in Boston, and now resident at Altona. He sailed from Marseilles for Hydra in March, 1822, and in April entered as a volunteer on board the Hydriote fleet, where he served two years, being employed however, occasionally on shore. He was afterwards employed in Western Greece, where he became acquainted with Lord Byron. He was near him at his death, and appears to have enjoyed some good portion of his regard. He acted as Adjutant-General of his Lordship's Brigade, and after his death, and the departure of Count Gamba, was appointed to the command of the brigade under Prince Mavrocordatos. With the Engineer Cocking he had the superintendance of the fortifications of Missolonghi and Anatolico. In February, he was at Napoli di Romania, whither he had accompanied Prince Mavrocordatos, as mentioned in Mr. Miller's letter. *Daily Adv.*

"PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT." It comes out, on the trial of Lieut. Hunter of the Navy, that one act, on which was grounded one of the specifications of mal-conduct with which he was charged, was done in pursuance of the "*orders of Mrs. Stewart!*" The Salem Gazette of the 26th ult., in noticing this, says that, "although Congress refused to create *Admirals*, it would seem we have the rank of *Admirables*, in our Navy."

It is worth while to inquire how far the authority of a Lady, on board of ship goes, in commanding the officers and men. Lieut. Hunter, by obeying her Ladyship's command, and setting it up as a defence, virtually acknowledges her as *his superior officer!* We should like marvellously to see this *Amazonian smasher* striding the quarter deck of a "first rater," and giving orders to the hands aloft, to rigg certain unmentionable "*splices*," or "*blocks*;" or, if it was our watch on deck, we would choose to see her go aloft herself, in a decent bit of a gale.

Albany Microscope.

A wild man has lately been found in the woods of Bohemia, where he must have been from his infancy. He cannot articulate a word, but bellows and howls much like a dog. He was taken, but no efforts to civilize him have yet been found of any avail. He runs on all fours, and climbs a tree, and springs from branch to branch with the agility of a monkey. He has been brought to Prague.

FOR SALE,

CENTRALLY situated in *Turner Village*, about one half acre of LAND, lying between the main road running through said Village and Twenty Mile River—Together with an elegant two-story DWELLING HOUSE, WOOD HOUSE and one half of a LARGE STABLE situated thereon, and a good WELL OF WATER. Said Stand is a rare chance for any Mechanic, being the centre of the town, and situated near three Stores, Saw-mill, Grist-mill, Carding-machine, Oil-mill, Fulling-mill, &c. It also affords a good stand for a Trader or an Innholder. Purchasers would do well to call and see for themselves; and as the subscriber is about closing his business to remove from town, they may depend upon very fair terms and pay made easy. Those who calculate to purchase, are wished to call before the first of October, as the property if not sold before that time, will be disposed of in a different manner.

ISAAC BONNEY, 2d.

Turner Village, August 8, 1825. tf 58

MACHINE CARDS.

HORACE SEAVER, No. 2, Mitchell's Buildings, *Portland*, has just received a consignment of Machine Cards, from the Manufactory of Horace Smith, Leicester, which will be warranted to give satisfaction.

☞Orders for any quantity executed at short notice. Portland, Feb. 15.——tf 34

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate held at Turner, within and for the County of Oxford, on the sixteenth day of September, in the year of our LORD *eighteen hundred and twenty-five—*

THOMAS MERRILL, of *Turner*, Esquire, named Executor in a certain Instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of *SAMUEL BRIDGHAM, Jr.* late of *Hebron*, in said County, Yeoman, deceased, having presented the same for probate:

ORDERED—That the said THOMAS MERRILL give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office in Paris, in said County, on the second Tuesday of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said Instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed, as the last Will and Testament of said deceased. BENJAMIN CHANDLER, *Judge.*

Copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, *Register.*

64

At a Court of Probate held at Livermore, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of September, in the year of our LORD *eighteen hundred and twenty-five—*

SALLY THOMAS, of *Hartford*, named Executrix in a certain Instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of *NATHANIEL THOMAS*, late of Hartford, in said County, Gentleman, deceased, having presented the same for probate:

ORDERED—That the said SALLY THOMAS give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office in Paris, in said County, on the second Tuesday of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said Instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed, as the last Will and Testament of said deceased. BENJAMIN CHANDLER, *Judge.*

Copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, *Register.*

64

At a Court of Probate holden at Rumford, within and for the County of Oxford, on the thirteenth day of September, in the year of our LORD *eighteen hundred and twenty-five—*

ON the petition of JASON SHERMAN, Administrator of the estate of *JOSIAH BACHELDER*, late of *Fryeburg*, in said County, Esquire, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death by the sum of *one thousand nine hundred* and *forty-seven dollars* and *twenty-three cents*, and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:

ORDERED—That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this Order to be published in the *Oxford Observer*, printed in Paris, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office in Paris, on the second Tuesday of October next, at ten o'clock, A. M. and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. BENJA. CHANDLER, *Judge.*

A true Copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, *Register.*

64

At a Court of Probate held at Dixfield, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of September, in the year of our LORD *eighteen hundred and twenty-five—*

HENRY WHITE, Administrator on the estate of *JOSEPH K. WHITE*, late of *Dixfield*, Esq. deceased, having presented his third account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED—That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office in Paris, in said County, on the second Tuesday of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, *Judge.*

A true Copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, *Register.*

64

To the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford.

ABRAHAM HOWLAND and LYDIA HOWLAND, his wife, (and heirs of JACOB KIDDER, late of *Dixfield*, deceased,) of *Mexico*, in said County, respectfully represent that he is seized as an heir with others, to them unknown, in the real estate whereof JACOB KIDDER, late of *Dixfield*, in said County, Yeoman, died seized and possessed; that his portion of the same is in Common, which he is desirous of holding and possessing in severalty. He therefore prays, that your Honor would grant a warrant to suitable persons, authorizing them to make a division of said estate, and set off to each heir his proportion in the same.

Dated this fourteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five.

ABRAHAM HOWLAND,
LYDIA HOWLAND.

At a Court of Probate held at Dixfield, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five—

Upon the foregoing petition, ORDERED—That the petitioner give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of said petition with this order thereon to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office in Paris, on the second Tuesday of October next, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, *Judge.*

A true Copy of the Petition and Order thereon.

Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, *Register.*

64

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